The Tear that bedews Sensibility's shrine.

Sung by M^r. BOWDEN in the DUENNA,

Written by Captn Morris.

Set to Music by M^r. Shield.

Price 6^d

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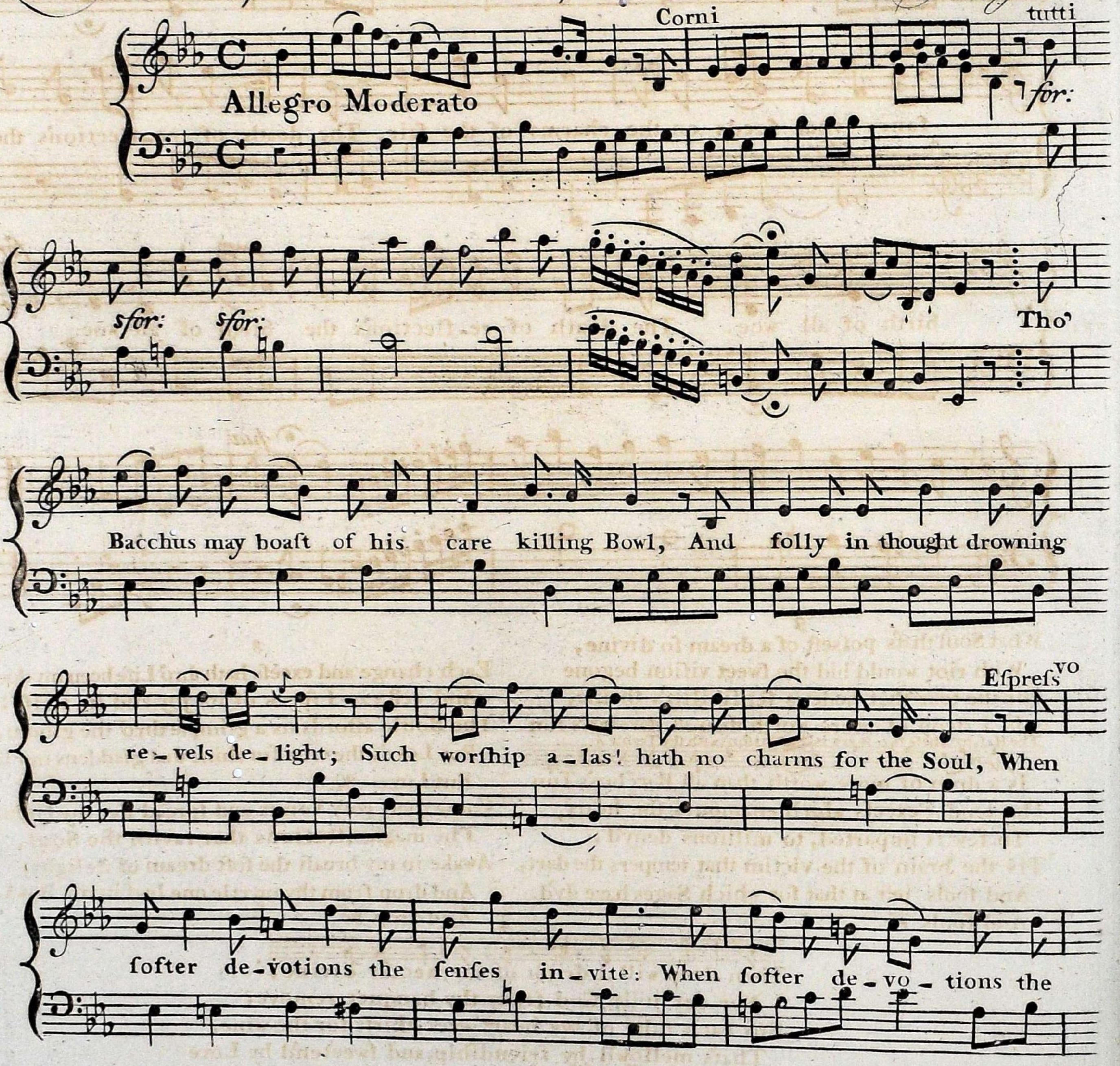
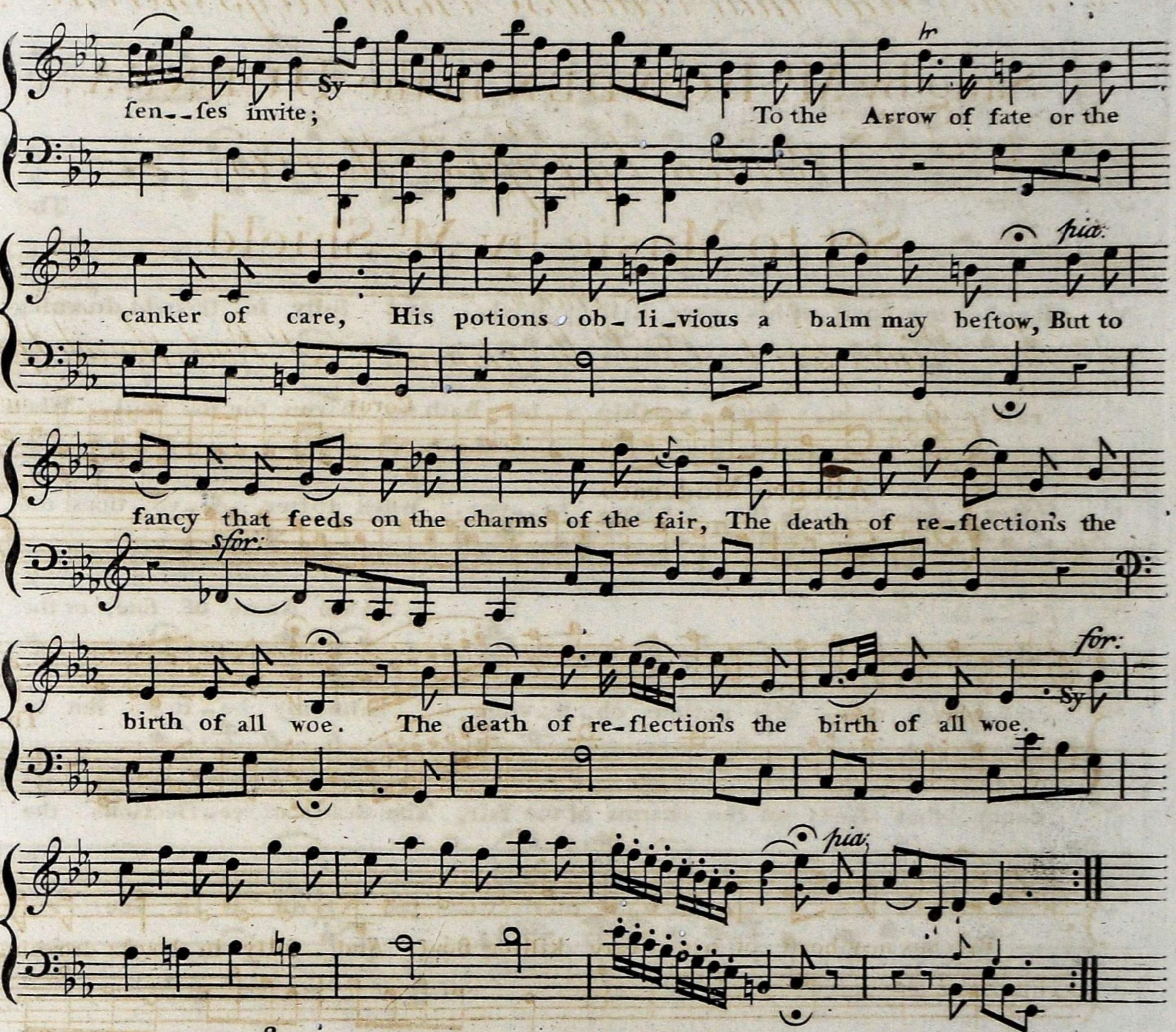
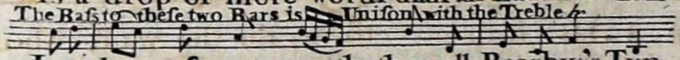




2

What Soul that's possest of a dream so divine,
With riot would bid the sweet vision begone
For the tear that bedews sensibility's shrine,
Is a drop of more worth than all Bacchus's Tun

The Bass to these two Bars is in Unison with the Treble

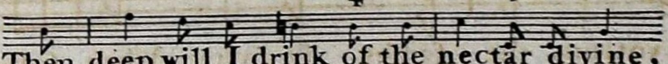


Is a drop of more worth than all Bacchus's Tun
The tender excess which enamours the heart,
To few is imparted, to millions deny'd,
'Tis the brain of the victim that tempers the dart,
And fools jest at that for which Sages have dy'd.
And fools &c.

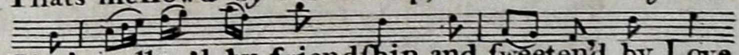
3

Each change and excess hath thro' Life been my doom,
And well can I speak of its joy and its strife;
The Bottle affords us a glimpse thro' the gloom,
But Love's the true sunshine that gladdens our life.
But Love &c.
Come then rosy Venus and spread o'er my sight,
The magic illusions that ravish the Soul,
Awake in my breast the soft dream of delight,
And drop from thy myrtle one leaf in my Bowl.
And drop &c.

4



Then deep will I drink of the nectar divine,
Nor e'er jolly God from thy banquet remove,
But each tube of my heart ever thirst for the wine,
That's mellow'd by friendship, and sweeten'd by Love.



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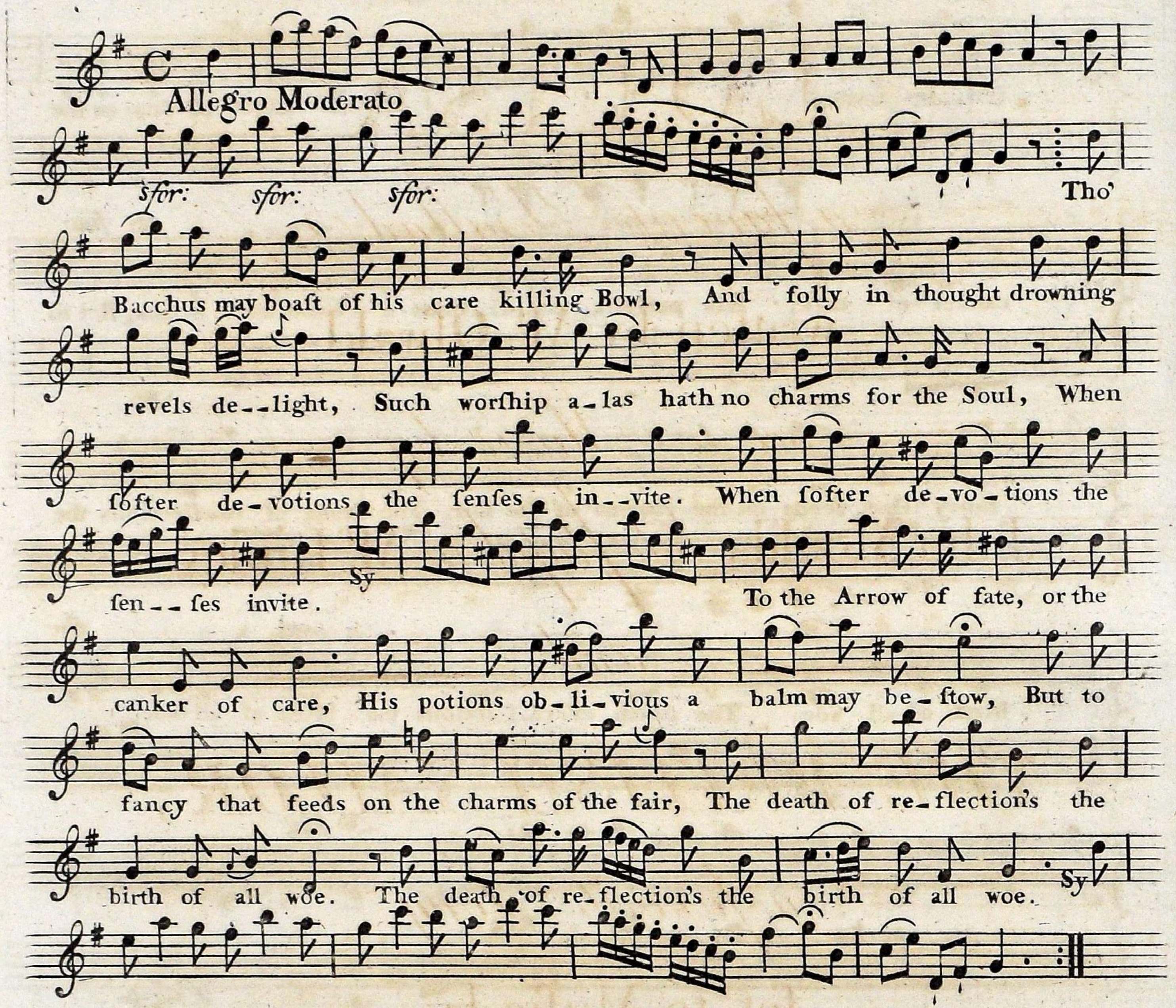
NB. The above small Notes are trifling deviations from the Original Melody to suit the expression of the different Stanzas.

For the German Flute



2

What Soul that's possest of a dream so divine
With riot would bid the sweet vision begone.
For the tear that bedews Sensibility's shrine,
Is a drop of more worth than all Bacchus's Tun.
Is a drop &c.
The tender excess which enamours the heart,
To few is imparted, to millions deny'd;
'Tis the brain of the victim that tempers the dart,
And fools jest at that for which Sages have dy'd.
And fools &c.

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That's mellow'd by friendship, & sweeten'd by Love.
Thats mellow'd &c